

High Martial 93

Chapter 93: No Way Out!

"The seventh one."

Chen Fan's expression was indifferent, muttering to himself.

There are twenty-five left.

Shouts of battle surged, even from four or five hundred meters away, he could feel the earth shaking beneath his feet.

He activated "Aiming" with a thought.

His eyes quickly felt a gentle sensation, and within a radius of seven hundred meters, everything appeared in a different world.

Even the figures of the bandits galloping on horseback seemed like slow-motion scenes from a movie, their speed halved.

"Pa!"

A loud burst sounded.

Another arrow shot out.

The few bandits at the front raised their shields high, trying to block the arrow.

But unfortunately, the arrow wasn't aimed at them.

With a scream, someone fell off their horse, hit by the arrow.

"Bastard!"

The ones behind gritted their teeth in hatred.

"That bastard's bow must have a draw weight of at least two hundred pounds, otherwise, how could it shoot so far?"

"Don't be afraid! Once we get closer, we'll fire a volley and turn him into a pincushion!"

"That's too easy on him! I want to skin him alive and break his bones!"

More than ten people cursed.

They believed that once they entered their shooting range, the person on the other side was dead for sure.

But soon, they realized something was wrong.

Because that guy was running madly along an arc!

This way, they had to constantly adjust their direction to close the distance, or they would only run further away. Additionally, the shields held by those ahead were now useless; everyone became living targets.

Thus every one or two seconds, the sound of bowstrings would be heard from afar, and arrows would come from an angle.

In just five or six seconds, three men were shot, arrows penetrating their chests, clearly beyond saving.

"Damn it!"

The group howled to the sky, filled with rage but unable to vent it, forced into a desperate chase in an incredibly awkward situation.

"Don't panic!"

At this moment, a low voice sounded from the front, "That guy's running will soon exhaust his stamina, keep chasing!"

"Yes!"

The group was suddenly enlightened.

Indeed, whether running wildly or shooting arrows, both were extremely draining on physical strength, let alone doing both?

As time ticked away, more were shot and fell off their horses, those at the forefront, including Wu Bin, were burning with impatience.

It had been almost ten seconds, yet the distance between them remained beyond four hundred meters. At this rate, everyone except himself might be kited to death.

Could so many of them be unable to handle one person?

Suddenly, Wu Bin's eyes lit up with a wild joy as he shouted to the dozen behind him, "Push harder! That guy can't run anymore!"

Behind, the originally twenty people now were down to fewer than fifteen, each showing signs of fear.

Hearing this, their spirits lifted immediately.

Indeed, Chen Fan couldn't run anymore. His arms were still fine, but his lungs felt like they were burning, taking a breath was agonizing.

Running wildly to open the distance, slowing down to shoot an arrow, then speeding up again, slowing to shoot again; at this moment, he felt like he had reached his limit.

"Then break through!"

In an instant.

A sound like a shackle breaking echoed from somewhere within him.

With a "Boom," a massive surge of hot energy rushed from his heart.

His exhausted body was now filled with unprecedented power, every muscle brimming with strength!

At this moment, he couldn't afford to sense other changes because, in just one or two seconds, the distance between the two sides had closed by fifty or sixty meters, the bandits behind were eagerly drawing their bows and arrows.

"Whizz!"

Amidst the sound of arrows slicing through the air, seven or eight arrows flew towards him.

Seeing this, Chen Fan sneered. Even without the aid of aiming skills, arrows shot from over three hundred meters were negligible to him.

In the next second, he dashed out, in just a few breaths, widening the gap by tens of meters again.

"What?" Wu Bin's grin froze into a look of astonishment.

Impossible?

This guy was clearly spent, how could he suddenly regain his peak state?

No, his speed seemed even faster than before!

Is this guy an Awakener?

A massive wave of fear welled up in his heart.

"Ah!"

Another scream.

"The twenty-second one."

Chen Fan glanced at the ten still chasing him, continuing to circle along the arc.

"Are we really going after him?"

Up front, a man holding a shield looked at Wu Bin, tremblingly asking.

"B-brother, should we retreat?"

They were truly scared.

They watched their comrades fall one by one under his arrows.

If they continued the chase, they too would die, wouldn't they?

"Ah!"

Another cry of agony.

"Twenty-three, nearly done."

Chen Fan spoke, then suddenly stopped, aimed at an archer behind, and shot an arrow, the target fell immediately.

"Twenty-four."

He drew the bowstring again, aiming at the next person.

With only eight left, few archers among them, he no longer needed to kite them.

This scene stunned Gu Ze observing from afar, and Wu Bin and others who feared and planned to retreat.

Gu Ze's mouth hung open.

Are you kidding, Chen Fan? The previous tactic was working well, why not continue? Why face them head-on now?

"Brother?"

Someone couldn't believe their eyes.

Did he stop because he couldn't run anymore?

Yet the last lesson was vivid; they dared not believe it again.

"Charge!"

Wu Bin shouted, retreat?

Exposing their backs to a Divine Shooter within his range was utterly foolish.

No time left to think through it all.

Hesitation meant defeat!

"Charge!"

"Charge!"

The heat of the moment infected those behind, their blood boiling.

In just one breath, they closed the distance to within 300 meters.

"Pa!"

The leading bandit's shield shattered by an arrow, piercing his chest, flinging him away.

"!"

Fury filled the eyes of those nearby!

"Charge!"

"Keep charging!"

But within a second, another person was pierced through shield and body, flying several meters high.

Then the third arrow, the fourth, the fifth.

To the bandits, Chen Fan's hands moved too fast to discern, like magic; one arrow shot, the next was already on the string.

Eight bandits reduced to three instantaneously.

"B-brother..."

The only two archers left trembled uncontrollably, though within 200 meters, they couldn't draw their bows!

Is that guy a devil?

What speed of fire is this?

"Kill!"

Ignoring their fears, Wu Bin raised his war axe high, charging with all his might.

His eyes widened, seemingly about to burst out of their sockets, focusing intensely, the world around him quieted, as if only he and his target remained.

No retreat now!

"Add power!"

Chen Fan thought, releasing another surge of intense hot energy, filling his drained body.

He drew a heavy arrow from the quiver, coldly staring at the rapidly approaching figure.

"It ends now."

This time, the bowstring felt slightly resistant, but in an instant, the bow drew fully.

Almost simultaneously, Wu Bin's hair stood on end, sensing an immensely terrifying target lock.

"Is he aiming at me?"

A thought dawned on Wu Bin, followed by unprecedented fear flooding over him.

Feeling like disaster was imminent.

During the charge, he noticed the enemy aiming at others, feeling both anger and regret.

Since many skilled archers had chosen him first, yet every arrow was blocked by him without exception.

And this enemy?

Seeming aware of this, targeting others consistently.

Yet now, aiming at him, does it mean certain death?

"No! Impossible!"

Wu Bin's mind screamed desperately; I won't die here! Never!

"Pa!"

The burst sound echoed as the arrow flew close, its force stinging his face.

"Block it!"

Wu Bin shouted, muscles bulging, veins throbbing fiercely, swung his long axe at a spot he sensed.

"Dang!"

A crisp collision sounded.

It blocked!

Wu Bin felt joy but quickly noticed abnormality; his right arm lost feeling, the axe flying away in fragments.

"This arrow is different!"

Just as he thought this, immense pain surged from his chest.

Straining to look, he saw himself airborne, chest pierced by a blood-filled cavity, even glimpsing the backdrop.

And the arrow, vanished.

"Maybe, I shouldn't have charged..."

His head fell, losing consciousness.

"!"

The remaining two bandits watched, mouths agape, speechless.

The leader, even the leader died? Thirty-some people, reduced instantly to them?

Soon though, they were shot dead by two arrows back-to-back.

"Hoo..."

Chen Fan exhaled deeply.

His entire body soaked in sweat, like having taken a bath.

From battle's start to finish, less than a minute had passed, any mistake could've been disastrous.

Fortunately, everything went as planned.

First kite the enemy to thin their numbers, using the breakthrough opportunity to restore strength.

Once their numbers dropped below ten, use rapid fire to kill as many as possible quickly.

By this point, physical strength hits its limit, recovering on its own being unlikely, the enemy wouldn't allow it.

Thus using the last enhancement, leveraging the heavy arrow prepared to disarm the bald leader's weapon before an arrow finishes him.

The remaining, already panic-stricken, were trivial.

"Right, Gu Ze should be watching here?"

He turned toward the northeast, signaling OK.

In the distance, Gu Ze still reeling from shock.

Only upon seeing Chen Fan's signal did he snap back to reality.